Balt. Here's one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliſſe be upon you: Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe skulls: as I diſcerne,
It b urneth in the *Capels* monument.
Balt. It doth ſo holy Sir, and there's my Maſter, one that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Balt. *Romeo.*
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Balt. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Goe with me to the vault.
Balt. I dare not ſir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, Ile goe alone, feare comes upon me,
O much I feare ſome ill unlucky thing.
Balt. As I did ſleep under this young tree here,
I dreamt my Maſter and another fought,
And that my Maſter ſlew him.
Fri. *Romeo.*
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulcher?
What meane theſe maſterleſſe and goarie ſwords,
To lye diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in blood? ah what an unkinde houre
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirres.
Jul. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I doe remember well where I ſhould be,
And there I am: where is my *Romeo*?
Fri. I heare ſome noiſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnaturall ſleepe:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away,

Thy